

Society Montgomery



Reverille



Newark, Ohio.

April 1919

Po

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Reveille

APRIL 1919

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Contributors' Column Frances Carslile, '20

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Athletics Vernon Christman, '19
Alumni Mary Rosebraugh, '20
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Wit and Humor Editor Clyde Liming, '20

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EDITORIAL

GET SOME PEP!!!

Get busy, some of you N. H. S. virtuosos, and write some snappy songs. Almost all of the ones that we have were either written about 1492, or contain about as much pure, unadulterated pep as a funeral dirge. Secure the co-operation of your English teachers and get to work. Your teachers will be only too glad to aid you in any way that they can. All other high schools have a fairly large variety of up-to-date songs, full of pep, snap, 'n' everything. For instance, every time that the pupils of Zanesville Hi come up to play Newark in basketball, or any inter-scholastic contest, they have several new songs and yells. We have as many bright and shining lights in N. H. S. as there are in Z. H. S. Why don't some of you get busy? What if you haven't ever done anything of the sort before?

We will find a good deal of hitherto undiscovered talent among the students of Newark Hi. As an inducement, we are offering a copy of this year's annual to those whose efforts are successful. Perhaps you may have heard the saying about variety's being the spice of life several hundred times, but did you ever test the truth of the proverb? If you have, you know that it is true, and if you haven't, this will be a good chance to do so. It seems to us that a copy of the N. H. S. annual would be a rather acceptable prize, and we know that you think so, too. Let's all get busy now, and write some of the best songs that Newark Hi ever had. We are especially urged to write words to the tunes in our regular chapel song books. The following numbers have been particularly recommended by members of the faculty: 39, 40, 51, 66, 74, 89, 91, 94, 102, 107, 113. Let's go!

OHIO WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE.

H. P. Wolfe, State Director.

Columbus, Ohio, March 22, 1919.

Mr. Charles H. Spencer, Chairman,
Licking County War Savings Committee,
Newark, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Spencer:

A page from your Newark High School publication gives good evidence of co-operation from all sources in Licking County. You know enough about publicity to realize that "every little bit helps."

Very truly yours,
Ohio War Savings Committee,
C. E. DITTMER,
Publicity Director.

Newark High School should feel complimented for having received a letter of this sort from the Publicity Director of our state. We may well feel assured that our "Thrift Work" is not merely thrown in just as a small part of the great work, but that we are given special attention along this line. We may also know by this that our school paper is in wide circulation.

The University of Pittsburgh believes that the high school student who excels in his academic studies should be given the same opportunity for public competition as the student athlete. Therefore, for the last few years, contests have been conducted for the encouragement of such public competition. The contest will include events in Latin, History, Mathematics, Physics, Spelling, Letter Writing, Essay Writing, Extemporaneous Speaking and Declamation. The Fourth Annual Interscholastic Literary and Scientific Contest will be held at the University of Pittsburgh, Saturday, May 10, 1919. Any secondary school undergraduate student, under the age of twenty-one, and who is taking a course of study which requires at least fifteen recitations a week, in all of which they are maintaining a grade en-

titling them to promotion, shall be eligible to compete.

Although this contest has been conducted successfully for three years, very few people seem to know very much about it. In all schools a great deal of attention is paid to the student athletic contests, but beyond a few debates, not much attention is directed to public competition along literary and scientific lines. We think this is an example that might, on a smaller scale, well be emulated by our high school.

Since the addresses delivered in chapel a short time ago by President Pierce of Kenyon College and his two companions, several girls of our acquaintance have suddenly decided to complete their education at Gambier. We wouldn't know why! Oh, Frenchy!!

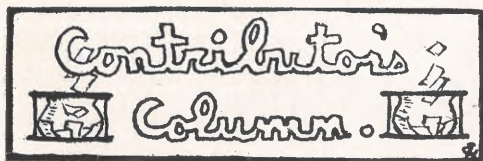
Well, wasn't the Minstrel all we said it would be, and then some?

Several cases of the sleeping sickness have been reported among the pupils of N. H. S.

Why, oh why, do the musical comedies that come to Newark have so many large trunks? From personal observation, we should say that the gowns the dear girls wear could easily be carried in their purses.

We notice that England has announced an airship that can make a trip to America without landing. Goodness, we shouldn't think an airship would care to do otherwise. Personally, we think almost anything would be preferable to landing in the briny deep.

None of the doctors seem to know just what the sleeping sickness is. Wouldn't it be funny if it was just our old acquaintance, spring fever, masquerading under a Latin name?



Walk!

Now is the time for N. H. S. students to be getting fresh air. Hikes are very good passtime for this time of the year and the walking is invigorating. Newark High School has no gymnasium but what is the need of one when we are all able to walk. We are going to start now and walk.

For the task of sitting at a typewriter forty-five minutes after school one day each week a quarter credit is given. For chorus and glee club work one-half credit is given. Very little time is given to earning these credits and no physical benefit is received. Would it not be an incentive to walk if a half credit were given for walking a certain distance each week? If the time were three hours each week, would it not be worth a half credit?

Other schools have this system and like it. If they like it, surely we would like it. But even if credit is not given, walk for the benefits received from it and start walking now.

G. F., '20.

The "Gab" Room.

Editor of Reveille:

Buzz! Buzz!

I shall never forget how strange I felt when I entered Room 18 for the first time. My English teacher had told me to go there for a book from which I was to get the material for an oral theme.

Once inside the door and I felt as if I were smothering. It seemed a very long distance to the desk. I got there some way. At last, holding to the desk, I gained confidence enough to look around me. Oh! such a noise. The room was almost full of happy Juniors, Seniors, some Sophomores, and a few Freshmen, perhaps feeling as strange and unnecessary as myself.

Soon a voice asked me what I wanted. I turned and looked into a face that gave me new strength. I stammered something, and the lady seemed to understand and gave me exactly what I came for.

With the book and more confidence, I turned and marched for the door. I walked past the noise (Buzz), past the Seniors, whom I feared, past the Juniors whom I respected, and past the Sophomores whom I loved.

Near the door one of those Seniors whispered, "Freshie?" I paused, whispered, "Sure," and then made a dash for the door. How thankful I was when I reached the hall.

"Freshie," '22.

Chewing Gum! Chewing Gum!

Editor of Reveille:

Would not some people be lost without their chewing gum? An average of about two-thirds of the pupils in each study hall are chewing gum. If each one of these students could sit facing the rest for five or ten minutes they undoubtedly would say they were witnessing one of the most comical, yet ridiculous, views they ever had seen. "Disfigured faces" is most too mild to suggest the right meaning. Some are chewing straight up and down as if their lives depended upon speed, some are making a round-about trip with their mouths, almost enough to make the on-looker sea-sick, while a few of the girls, in a more modest way, may hardly be seen chewing while at study, but oh! they make up for lost time while going through the halls.

A person would think the pupils of the High School were graded or given a credit for continually chewing gum by the way most of them participate in the game.

"On-Looker."

Gorgeous Hair-Ribbons.

Reveille Editor:

These nice, big hair-ribbons worn by some of the girls half way down their backs may be very becoming to them and may catch the eye of some people, but, believe me, they sure are a curse to some of us boys who sit behind them in study hall. They hang half way out on our desks and do not give us room for our books, much less spread out a laboratory manual and try to write up some experiments.

So I would suggest that if this is going to be the style much longer, the Board of Education should have the study halls enlarged and give two desks to each girl who wears her hair in this up-to-date way.

A. B. C., '19.



ALUMNI.

ERHODES'14.



Frederic Woodbridge, '18, who is attending Wooster, has been elected treasurer of his class and is also on the staff of the "Wooster Voice."

Among the N. H. S. boys who have recently returned from Europe are: Robert Swingle, '16, Harold Wilson, '13; Woodruff Rankin, '09; Goddard Chase, '15; George Arensberg, '17; Lester Handel, '18; Raymond Mort, '17, and Paul Edwards, '13.

Mary Swingle, '11, who has been assistant librarian here, recently left Newark for Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas. There she will be associated with Mrs. Rankin, Newark's former librarian. They will work along educational lines and in library work with convalescent soldiers. Miss Swingle will probably remain in Texas for about three months and then resume her duties at the Public Library here.

James K. Miller, '18, has been elected president of the Freshman Class at O.S. U.

Elmer Schimmel, '13, has recently been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. Lieut. Schimmel as a second lieutenant saw severe fighting last fall when he and his division, the 77th, took part in the Argonne Forest Drive. Lieut. Schimmel is the brother of Hazel Schimmel, '19.

In the cast of the Michigan Opera, "Come On, Dad," appears the name of Elwyn Davies, '17. Every year an opera is written by the Michigan students and presented throughout the state. This year during the spring vacation, the opera will be given in Chicago, Detroit, and other cities.

Harold Wilson, '13, who recently returned from overseas, is working with his father in the County Auditor's office.

Private Fred Mohlenpah, '11, who is with the American Army in France, will soon enter the Sorbonne University at Paris. Many of the privates and officers in the army will enter English and French Universities where they can study science, law, medicine, or anything they choose. All of the students will wear a special insignia. Private Mohlenpah is the brother of Miss Mohlenpah of this High School.

Elenore Johnson, '16, is assistant in chemistry at Doane Academy.

The parents of Sergeant Gray Swingle, deceased, although they received last August the distinguished service cross given their son, have only recently received the official citations made by the War Department. The following is the official account of the bravery of Sergeant Swingle:

"Sergeant E. Gray Swingle, Company B, 6th Engineers, deceased (A. S. No. 158,265). For extraordinary heroism in action near Hamel, Somme, France, March 27-28, 1918. After being awakened by a sentinel who reported suspicious noises in the direction of the German forces, Sergeant Swingle gave his patrol orders to report in case he should be killed or wounded, and fearlessly advanced in the direction of the noises. He was severely wounded after advancing only a short distance and died the next day, despite unsuccessful attempts to rescue him."

A memorial service was held in chapel Friday morning, March 28th, in honor of Sergeant E. Gray Swingle and Lieutenant Ralph W. Laughlin, who were killed in action in France. The service was impressive, and the school has gained an appreciation of the sterling worth of these men. Mr. Barnes gave an account of their numerous school activities and school life. Rev. Mr. Bohon Schmitt addressed the school, giving an estimate of their high and splendid character that constituted a great tribute. Sergeant Harold Wilson, of the Class of 1913, a member of the Rainbow Division, spoke of the work in France of this division. Mr. Laughlin, father of Lieut. Laughlin, made a short address, appreciating the tributes to these men. The Art Club has presented to the school a bronze tablet in memory of these two men. Sergeant Swingle was president of the class of 1913, was on the "Reveille" staff and the Debate teams. He was an Athenian and was prominent in other activities. Lieut. Laughlin was vice-president of the same class, and was also on the Debate teams. He was very prominent in other lines of work. In the audience, during the service, was Paul Edwards, who had suffered from gas in France. He was treasurer of the Class of 1913.

PARTY FOR ZANESVILLE BASKETBALL TEAM.

Following the Newark-Zanesville basketball game, the Senior Girls' Basketball Team entertained the boys of the visiting team at the home of Alberta Emmons in East Main Street.

The attraction of the evening was the "eats" served picnic fashion to the following: Clarice Roney, Mildred Mayer, Mary Schnaidt, Alberta Emmons, Sara Long, Janice Thompson, Mae Boggs and Dorothy Wilson; Douglas Duncan, Chauncey Swingle, Patrick Mulvey, Frederick Bohn, Gail Callendoer, Rolan Griffith, Warren Black, Clarence Miller, Isaac Emmons, David Hayden and Rollin Frenier.

The party was chaperoned by Miss Moore.

LIBRARY WEEK.

Library week was held during the second week of March by the public schools of Newark for the purpose of collecting money for the Newark Public Library. Central School contributed \$75, North Fourth \$60, and Hartzler \$57. For some unknown reason Newark High School failed to maintain its standard; it contributed only \$18. The total amount given by the schools was \$435.97. However, the High School's past record is not a bad one. The proceeds of this year's Lecture Course, which were about \$250, were given to the Library. Early in the school year the Thilians held a "Tag Day" and as a result of this \$800 was added to the Library Fund.

ADOPT FRENCH WAR ORPHAN.

The French classes of N. H. S. have adopted a French war orphan. The little girl whom they have adopted is nine years old and her name is Gabrielle Jayeux; her home is in Ste. Croixde Mareuil Dordogne. The amount of money collected was \$38.57. On January 17th, \$36.50, the required amount, was sent. The remaining money

will possibly be used to buy a gift for the child. The classes have not heard from her as yet and possibly will not before the expiration of three months.

HONOR ROLL.

Those having four grades in ninety, Room 15: Anna Cursman, Thelma Alspach, Mildred Baker, Lucille Brooks, Vernon Cristman, Arthur Evans. Room 17: Glen Kreider, Wentworth Potter, Harold Rosene, Anito Stewart, Dorothy Speer. Room 19: Clarice Roney, Mary Roselraugh, Zona Taverner, Lois Wintermute. Room 20: Ruth Holler. Room 11: Sara Crist. Room 1: Charles Allen, Charles Eifinger, Helen Boss. Room 2: Ruth Rogers, Gladys Smith, Margaret Tagg. Room 7: Katherine McMillen, Hunter Kellemerger, Louis Koch. Room 5: Ruth Kinsey, Fleek Miller. Room 6: Margaret Dorey, Mildred Hare; Lela Hendron, Edwin Lenthicum. Room 26: Hendron, Edwin Lenthicum. Room 27: Martha Belle Sprague. Room 12: Richard Schneider, Marguerite South. Room 13: Naomi Alspuch, Ellen Barnes, Helen Bush, Bessie Hersch, Sara Weld.

Those having three grades in ninety and fourth passing: Room 15: Mary Baird, Mae Boggs, Helen Browne, Louise Coen, Helen Fuller, Marie Graff, Anna Haynes, Earl Bender, George Boggs, Sheldon Eckfeld, Howard, Hartsough, Harold Kunath. Room 17: Clyde Liming, Russel Smith, Otto Shannon. Room 19: Mary Kibler, John Kilpatrick, Sara McConnell, Frank Taylor. Room 20: Marie Dodd, Edna Griffith. Room 1: Janice Barrick, Dorothy Broome, Lois Browne. Room 2: Edward Stradley. Room 7: Thelma Kline, Charlotte Knauss, Newall Lewis. Room 5: Helen Jones. Room 6: Agnes Gibson, Helen Gregg, Pauline Grove, Mary Hayden, Twila Hessen, Olive Hines, Mary McPeak. Room 26: Esther Stevenson, Mildred Timpson. Room 27: Ernest Johnson, Horatio Jones, Everett Ruffner. Room 12: Helen Ronney, Mary Settles. Room 13: Thelma Adams, Ethel Cooperider.

THALIAN INITIATIONS.

The Thalian Initiation was held March 13th. The new members are: Janice Barrick, Dorothy Broome, Ruth Rogers, Evelyn Close, Evelyn Phillips, Mary Windle, Eva Zwernmann, Dorothy Dewey, Mary Louise Edwards, Mamie Rothstein, Mildred Grove, Otillie Briggs, Katherine McMillen, Helen Freednour, Florence Long, Martha Booth, Anna Leidy and Charlotte Knauss.

CIVIC SOCIETY INITIATION.

Friday night, March 7th, the Civic Society held its initiation in the Domestic Science Hall. After initiation a social time was enjoyed by all. Miss Moore and Miss Booth chaperoned the party.

The new members are: Orville Burke, Ralph Allen, Ellen Barnes, Naomi Alspach, Fleck Miller, Helen Freednour, Dorothy Dewey, Janice Barrick, Paul Hazlett, David Hirsch, Paul Harlow, Raymond Hiatt, Ralph Strowel, Mildred Ditter, Nadine Baker, Martha Booth, John Upham, Ruth Rogers, Charlotte Knauss, Irene McCaulsky, Mabel Owens, Frank Reid, William Rossel, Robert Shauck, Ralph Stowell, Daniel Wilson, John Woodbridge, Guy Fecester, Katherine McMillen.

The teachers of Mound School entertained with a dinner in honor of Miss Grace Dicken on March 28th. A little remembrance was given to Miss Dicken with the best wishes of her friends. She is learning the work to manage her farm in Franklin Township.

Mound School and East House are so far ahead in the Basketball Tournament for the grade schools. The tournament is conducted by Mr. Long.

An exhibit of ornamental flower pots, designed and painted by the pupils of Miss Stadden's sixth grade, Hudson Avenue School, was given in the Sperry & Harrison furniture store.

More than eight hundred pupils have enrolled for the school garden work.

THE SENIOR PLAY.

About twenty-five years ago the critics in England realized that a new literary genius had grown up among them. In the early part of his literary career J. M. Barrie wrote only short stories and novels. Later finding he had a talent for dramatization, he confined himself exclusively to this form of literature. Since then his popularity as a playwright has greatly increased.

The Senior Class has decided to give one of his most successful comedies, "The Admirable Crichton," as their class play. This play was first produced in 1903. In it he displays great skill and humor in handling the absurd situation of a peer's family, wrecked on a desert island, where the butler as the most resourceful member of the party takes command. It has enjoyed great success on the professional stage, some of the most famous actors and actresses having taken leading roles in it. During recent years the play has been presented by some of the larger high schools throughout the country with marked success.

Now that the "Minstrels" are over, the cast have begun work in dead earnest on the presentation of this play. It is to be hoped the school will put forth its greatest effort in helping the class to make the play a great success.

The cast is as follows:

The Earl of Loan.....	Glenn Kreider
Lord Brocklehurst.....	Sheldon Eckfeld
Hon. Ernst Wooley.....	Wentworth Potter
Rev. John Freherne.....	John Kilpatrick
Mr. Crichton.....	Edwin Essington
A naval officer.....	Vernon Christman
R. Trompsett.....	George Boggs
Rolston, a valet.....	Harold Rosene
Fleury, a chef.....	Russel Smith
Countess Brocklehurst....	Janice Thompson
Lady Mary Lasenby.....	Louise Coen
Lady Katherine.....	Dorothy Speer
Lady Agatha Lasenby.....	Helen Norpell
Tweeny.....	Helen Hohl
Mrs. Perkins.....	Sara Crist
Simmons.....	Mary Baird
Jeanne.....	Helen Carlisle
Miss Fisher.....	Neva Hulshizer
Business Manager....	Vermont Christman

PHOTOGRAPHS

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Life—

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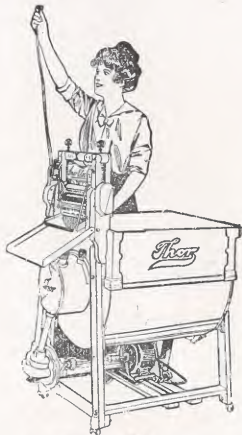
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lively show.

SOUTH

PARK

NEWARK HIGH MEETS FRENCH HEROES.

Newark High School held a special chapel service at one o'clock Tuesday afternoon, March 25th, to welcome in her usual enthusiastic manner two heroes of the French Army, and also Dr. Price, President of Kenyon College. M. Beneteau, one of the French soldiers, had been a writer and a student at the Sarbonne in Paris. He was wounded in rescuing an officer at the front under conditions demanding great bravery. He was decorated with the Croix de Guerre, with palm branch. The other was M. Louge, a university man who had been a machine-gunner in the Alpine Chasseurs, the famous fighting organization called the "Blue Devils." M. Louge had had three wounds at the front and had suffered from mustard gas. He was in the hospital for sixteen months. He also was wearing French decorations for bravery. Both young men are studying at Kenyon. Dr. Pierce, who was in the Red Cross service in France and worked at Verdun, gave us a splendid address in which he vividly described the front lines, his work and experiences, and the friendships he formed with officers and men of the French Army. At the conclusion of his address he introduced M. Beneteau, who spoke a few minutes in French of the splendid relations between France and the United States. Although perhaps but a few understood his language, from the reception accorded him, certainly the school was in accord with the spirit of his remarks. Dr. Pierce then introduced M. Louge, a handsome, alert young man who received tremendous applause. His manners were perfect and charming and it is safe to say he won no slight approval and regard from the feminine portion of his audience, as well as firm respect and friendship from everyone. His speech, also in French, was short, but expressed a desire for a permanent friendship between France and America. Newark High School feels that it has been honored to entertain and meet these distinguished men.

ATHENIANS PRESENT UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

In a special chapel service at 2:30 Friday afternoon, March 14th, the Athenian Literary Society, probably the longest established of the Newark High School organizations, presented to the school a Mock Trial of the ex-Kaiser and his war-lords. This was an extremely humorous play in two scenes, the first showing the Kaiser and his war-lords in a dismal prison, and the second showing them brought to trial in the court scene proper. The text for this unique performance was written by Wentworth Potter and Eugene Hanson. The play sparkled with jokes and comic episodes from start to finish. The costumes were elaborately worked out. This year's public offering of the Athenians was enthusiastically received by the school and by the many visitors who were present. The play was greatly appreciated, for this year the school has not had the usual class entertainments at Thanksgiving, Christmas and February 22nd. In the spring of 1918 the Athenians put on a mock trial, which was a decided success, but their 1919 presentation far surpassed any previous efforts, and illustrated to the school the efficient, businesslike methods of the Athenian organization in providing for the school a performance so deserving in merit. The cast of characters was as follows: The ex-Kaiser, Wentworth Potter; the Crown Prince, Frederick Hanks; Von Hindenburg, Edwin Essington; Von Tirpitz, John Woodbridge; Leon Trotzky, Leland Windle; the Judge, Ernest Johnson; Clerk of Court, Hunter Kellenburger; Bailiff, William Barrick; Soldiers: Roy Rossel, David Hirsch; Eugene de Gaspice, Belgian, Eugene Harlow; Lord Percy Alwaysbroke, England, Charles Browne; Eugene a la Carte, France, Eugene Hanson; Hon. Isaac Poorfisch, U. S., George Boggs; Prosecutor, Glenn Kreider; Attorney for the Defense, Charles Lang; Foreman of Jury, Russel Smith; Jurors: James Baruxes, Frank Keenan, Harold Rosene, Orville Burke, Felix Jones, Frank Taylor, Ellsworth Davis, Earl Bender, Paul Harlow, Willis Walker, and Paul Hazlett.

FENBERG'S TWO A's

AUDITORIUM
Wednesday, April 16th

The Big Musical Show

PRETTY BABY

With an all star cast of fun makers
35—PEOPLE—MOSTLY GIRLS—35

3 days Starting Thursday, April 17
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4 Showings Daily 4
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EXCHANGE.

A new magazine was handed to the exchange editor the other day—"The Record"—from Wheeling, W. Va. It's great, absolutely! The editor wishes that there were more exchanges like it—goes back to the old plea—if any student in the High School receives papers from other schools or colleges—please hand them to her so they may be looked over. (Note—They will be given back quite intact.)

Teachie, teachie,
All day teachie;
Night marke papers,
Never sleepe.
No one kissie,
No one huggie,
Poor old maide,
No one lovie.—Ex.

He: "Let's go for a little spin."
She: "All right, old top."—Ex.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A new organization, and an energetic one, has appeared in Newark High School. This is the Dramatic Club, a high-class organization with conservative entrance regulations. As its name suggests, the club intends to study the drama and those that pertain to it. A series of programs for the club are being prepared which may prove to be a pleasing departure from the regular form of society programs and which will stimulate a real interest in various plays, making their study a pleasure. In the future the policy of the club is to produce an annual play, but this is

War.

She "war," he "war," they all "war."
He cum, he seed, he conquered.
That's all there "war" to it.—Ex.

She: "Where have you been assigned?"
He: "To the 333rd Infantry."
She: "Why that's fine, you'll be near my brother, he's in the 332nd."—Ex.

It's wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone.
A chaperone she needs 'till she
Can call some chap-her-own.—Ex.

Don't walk around in couples
But mind what you're about
Or the Faculty will get you
If you don't watch out!—Ex.

He: "O L N, U R, O K."
She: "O, I B, B I? N U, U R, A J."
He: "O B E Z, I N, D R."
She: "O G, U R N G, C."—Ex.

impracticable this year. The Dramatic Club has the recognition and approval of the school authorities, and is making active preparations for its work. Membership is limited to thirty-five, with certain requirements; however, anyone in the school who is interested in the club's work may apply for membership, as there are several vacancies. If interested, apply to either Secretary or President. Officers of the club are elected for a semester and at the second meeting a constitution was adopted and these officers elected: President, Wentworth Potter; Vice-President, Harold Umstott; Secretary, Mary Rosebraugh; Treasurer, Mary Windle.

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JEAN d'ARC

In the little village of Domremy, in the year 1412, was born one of history's most famous women—Jeanne d'Arc. So called because her father came from Arc.

Jeanne was the third daughter. She was a strong, healthy child. Her father would take the other children to help him out of doors, but little Jeanne was left to help her mother.

Although she did not know how to read or write, she knew everything in the line of household duties which her mother knew.

Her mother taught her also to be very religious, and she was always religious and good.

Her home at Domremy was not far from the Voges Mountains and she loved to sit in the garden among the flowers and sunshine and study these beautiful mountains.

Unlike her playmates, she had the two gifts of imagination and faith—and who has these gifts may go far.

One day as Jeanne was sitting in the

garden a voice spoke to her saying: "Jeanne, sois bonne et sage enfant, va souvent a l'église." ("Jeanne, be a good and wise child, go often to church.")

Other such manifestations appeared in later days until at last, one day a winged warrior, wearing a crown, appeared to her and told her of her country's woes and said, "Jeanne it is you who shall give the king of France back his kingdom."

With silence the heavenly visitor heard her plead that she was but a simple, ignorant village girl, unfit to undertake such a task.

The spirit commended her to the Captain of Vauconleurs for earthly aid, and to the spiritual guidance of St. Margaret and St. Catherine and then vanished.

When Jeanne revealed this story to her parents, they immediately called the parish priest to drive out the devils which possessed her, just as today one would summon a doctor to test her sanity.

Jeanne finally persuaded her uncle to speak of her to Captain Vauconleurs, but

the Captain only laughed at the story. Jeanne's faith was unabated. She finally silenced the ridicule of the Captain and found an escort to take her to the king.

Her story became widely known and the inhabitants of Vanconleurs bought for her a boy's traveling suit and a horse. With a knight on either side and a small body of soldiers she started for Chinon to find the douchin she was determined to make king.

The king awaited her coming with mingled emotions. He thought he would test her and see if she had been sent by good or evil spirits. So he accordingly dressed himself as the others of his court. He thought if she was sent by good spirits she would come to the only one having royal blood.

When she entered the court she went directly to him and knelt down, saying, "Gentle prince, God give you new life."

"But there is the king over there," said Charles, wishing further to test her.

But Jeanne responded that he and none other was king. She told him that she had come to open a way by which he might be crowned and consecrated at Rheims.

She was finally sent to Orleans, where she raised a seige as she had been directed. The armor she wore was of silvery white in token of her purity, but she wore no helmet and her girlish head crowned by her fair hair was more glorious than any white plume of Navarre.

In her vision she was told that her sword would be in the tomb of St. Catharine, and there it was found. Her standard was white sprinkled with fleur-de-lis and bearing a golden figure of Christ with angels on either hand.

Her soldiers believed in her and as long as she led, no curse nor blasphemy rose from the ranks. Dice, cards, and the implements of sorcery practiced in that age, disappeared from the camps. Priests followed her and never did the church so resound to the clash of arms.

The first point of Jeanne's campaign was Orleans. She led her troops one night in an attack against the English and although she was wounded, the French won.

Jeanne had trouble in getting opportunity for another strife because the king was pleasure-loving and as long as his

court was in gayety and far from the field of battle he was happy.

Jeanne pleaded for action and said with prophetic truth that she would only last a year and they should make good use of her as long as it was possible.

At last the king set out for Rheims and in that great gray church of Notre Dame at Rheims was crowned with due pomp and ceremony; after which she begged to be sent home, but the king refused.

She again took up her loyal work, but no longer with such implicit faith which had worked marvels. Ill omens befell her and in a battle with the English she was taken prisoner.

Once in the hands of the inquisition, Jeanne suffered much torture. She was chained to the bars of an iron cage by the ankles, wrists and neck. All sorts of torture were resorted to.

Finally, paled by long imprisonment, she was sent to the stake in May, 1431. In the cemetery back of the church de St. Ruen at Rouen, a spot now called the Place de la Pucelle, a scaffold and stake were placed.

Although she had been tried and condemned by the French court, Lord Warwick pronounced the sentence with open glee.

In response to her appeals, an English soldier bound together two twigs in the form of a cross and gave it to her. A monk brought from a neighboring church a large cross, holding it above her head so that her eyes might rest upon it.

About the girlish figure clad in a spotless white the flames rose and crackled. Above this noise she was heard to reiterate: "My voices were of God. They deceived me not." As her soul was passing away she repeated over and over the name of Jesus.

The people rose a cry for the officer to part the burned wood that they might see her again. He did so and her charred body was exposed to view. At this many people shuddered and oils were poured over her body to reduce it to ashes.

Today we do not think of her as a heretic, but as a saint and saviour of France. Her memory is today revered by all nations.

Subject matter from "Notable Women in History," by Willis J. Abbot.

"THE LAST RECITATION"

Translated from the French by
Alphonse Daudet.

This story is supposed to be told by a little Alsatian boy. In 1871 France was compelled to give to Germany 9,000 square miles of territory, including the most of Alsace. The events in the following story may be supposed to have occurred in 1872.

That morning I was very late going to school, and was very much afraid of receiving a scolding, more so because M. Hamel had told us that he would question us on the participles, and I did not know the first word about them. One moment the idea came to me to play truant and to take my way across the fields.

The weather was so warm, so beautiful!

One could hear the blackbirds whistling in the edge of the wood, and in the Rip-pert meadow, behind the sawmill, the Prussians were exercising. All of this interested me more than the rule for the participles but I had the strength to resist and ran very quickly towards the school.

In passing in front of the mayor's office I noticed that everyone had stopped near a small bulletin board. For two years, it was here we had received all of the bad news of last battles, of requisitions, the orders from headquarters, and I thought without stopping:

"What is it again?"

Then, as I was running across the square, the blacksmith Wachter, who was there with his apprentice busy reading the bulletin, cried to me:

"Don't be in such a hurry, little one, you will arrive soon enough at your school!"

I thought he was making fun of me, and I entered M. Hamel's small yard out of breath.

Ordinarily, at the beginning of the recitation, there was a great racket which might be heard even in the street, the desks opening and closing, the lessons which were repeated aloud while stopping up the ears in order to learn better, and the large ruler of the master which was tapping on the table:

"A little silence!"

I counted on all this noise to gain my seat unobserved; but precisely on this day all was quiet, as a Sunday morning. Through the open window I saw my comrades already in their places, and M.

Hamel, who was passing and repassing with his terrible iron ruler under his arm. It was necessary to open the door in the midst of this great silence. You can imagine whether I was red, whether I was afraid!

But, no, M. Hamel looked at me without anger, saying to me very gently:

"Go quickly to your place, my little Frantz; we were going to begin without you."

I put my leg over the bench and seated myself immediately at my desk. Then only, having recovered a little from my fright, I noticed our master was attired in his beautiful green frock-coat, his plaited frill and finally his skull cap, embroidered in black silk, which he wore only on days of inspection or the distribution of prizes. Moreover, there was something unusual and solemn about the class. But that which surprised me most, was to see at the back of the room on the benches which were ordinarily empty, the people of the village seated, like us, in silence, the old Hauser with his three cornered hat, the former mayor, the old letter carrier and many other people. Everyone there appeared sad and Hauser had brought his A-B-C book which he held open on his knees, with his large glasses placed across the pages.

While I was surprised at all this M. Hamel had mounted the platform to his desk and in the same gentle and grave voice with which he had received me, he said to us:

"My children, it is for the last time that I teach the class. The order has come from Berlin that only German is to be taught in the schools of Alsace and Lorraine. The new teacher will arrive tomorrow. Today is your last lesson in French. I beg of you to pay very close attention."

These few words agitated me. Ah, the wretches, that was what the bulletin at the mayor's office had stated.

My last French lesson!

And I, who hardly knew how to write! Then, I would never learn. It was necessary to stop there. I was angry now at the time lost, the classes from which I had played truant to go and hunt birds'

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THE REVEILLE

necks or to slide on the Saar. My books, that a while ago I had found so tiresome, so heavy to carry, my grammar, my sacred history seemed to me like old friends whom it gave me great pain to leave. It was so with M. Hamel. The thought that he was going to leave, that I would see him no more made me forget the punishments, the blows of the ruler.

Poor man!

It was in honor of this last recitation that he had donned his beautiful Sunday clothes and now I understood why these old people had come and seated themselves at the back of the room. This seemed to say that they regretted not having come oftener to the school. It seemed as if they wished to thank our master for his forty years of good services, and to pay their respects to the country which was to be theirs no more.

It was at this point in my reflections that I heard my name called. It was my turn to recite. What would I not have given to have been able to give at length this famous rule of the participles, very loudly, very clearly, without a fault, but I became confused at the first word and I remained standing, swaying at my seat, with a heavy heart, without daring to raise my head. I heard M. Hamel, who was saying to me:

"I shall not scold, you, my little Frantz, you must be punished quite enough. But that is the way. Every day one says: Bah! I have plenty of time, I shall learn tomorrow. And you can see what happens. Ah! this has been the great misfortune of our Alsace, to always put off its instruction until tomorrow. Now these people have the right to say to us: What! you pretend to be French and you know neither how to read nor to write your language! In this, my poor Frantz you are not the only guilty one. We all need to reproach ourselves.

"Your parents have not insisted that you receive an education. They would rather see you work in the fields, or in the spinning mills in order to gain a few more pennies. I have nothing with which to reproach myself? Have I not often asked you to water my garden instead of studying? When I wished to go trout fishing, have I failed to give you a holiday?"

Then, from one thing to another, M. Hamel began to speak to us of the French language, saying that it was the most beautiful language in the world, the most clear, the most perfect, that it was necessary to preserve it among us, and never to forget it because when a

people falls into slavery, as long as it retains its language it holds the key to its prison. Then he took a grammar and read us our lesson. I was astonished to see how much I understood. All that he said seemed so easy, so easy. I thought also, that I had never listened so attentively or that he had never had so much patience in his explanations. One would have said that the poor man wished to give us all of his knowledge, to make it enter our heads at one single blow.

The lesson finished, we began to write. For this day M. Hamel had prepared new copy slips for us, on which were written, France, Alsace, France, Alsace. These were like small flags which were floating all around the room, hanging from the rods of our desks. One could see how everyone applied himself and what a silence! One heard only the scratching of the pens on the paper. One moment some may bugs flew in, but no one noticed them, not even the small pupils who were tracing their letters with an energy, a conscientiousness, as if this too were French. On the roof of the school, the pigeons were cooing very softly. Listening, I said to myself:

"Will they have to sing in German, they too?"

From time to time as I raised my eyes from the page, I saw M. Hamel motionless at his desk, endeavoring to fix in his mind the objects around him, as if he wished to carry away in his memory all of his small school. Think, for forty years he had been there in the same place, with his yard opposite him and his class likewise. Only the benches, the desks were polished, rubbed from usage, the walnut trees in the yard had grown and the hop vine, which he himself had planted, wreathed the windows to the roof. What a grief it must be to the poor man to leave all of these things and to hear his sister coming and going in the room above us, busy closing their trunks, for they were to leave the next day and were to go from the country forever.

All the same he had the courage to teach us this last lesson until the end. After the writing lesson we had the history lesson, following which the small pupils sang their sounds. Yonder, at the back of the room, the old Hauser had put on his glasses and taking his A-B-C book in his two hands he spelled the letters with them. One saw that he was applying himself, he too; his voice trembled from emotion and it was so funny to hear him, we felt a great desire to laugh and to cry. Ah! I shall never forget this last

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recitation.

Suddenly the clock at the church struck noon, then the Angelus. At the same time the trumpets of the Prussians, who were returning from their exercises, sounded under the windows. M. Hamel arose, quite pale, by his desk. Never had he appeared to me so tall.

"My friends," said he, "my friends, I—I—"

But Something seemed to choke him.

He could not finish the sentence.

Then he turned toward the blackboard, took a piece of chalk and bearing on with all his strength, he wrote as large as possible:

"Hurrah for France."

Then he remained there, his head leaning against the wall and without speaking, with his hand he gave us the sign:

"It is ended, go."

S. C., '19.

SOME PLACE!

FOREWORD: The following letter is supposed to have been written by a young man of about eighteen or nineteen years of age who was ordered to report in New York for the last Draft. He came from the remotest part of Arizona and had acquired a very slight education from some tramps who had stopped at the ranch where he lived.

Dere Shorty: New York is shure sum place. The first thing when I stept off the train sum big fellow all dressed up like a sick cow steps up an tris to tak mi suitcase from me, but I starts out to clean the place up with him when I seen a cuple more start for me so I hoofs it down the road purty lively an gets away an purty soon I cum to a big building with a sign which said "Hotel." By gosh, I wuz kind of scared to go in fur fear the thing wuld fall over. Well I went in an i'm durned if another wun of them fancy dressed bucks didn't try the same trick on me, but I shuded me suitcase in his face and knocked him over. Gemuny tho I never saw such a place as this wuz. I fell down twice an slid most of the rest of the way. In the middle of the floor wuz a little pond with a woman standin in the middle holdin her hand up in the air and sprinklin' water in the pond. I thot she must get purty tired holdin' her hand up in the air and so I asked some feller about it an' he said they changed women every eight hours. I s'pose they're used to it an' don't get tired bu blamed if I'd want the job. Well, anyhow, I goes up to the fellow standin' behind the counter an' asks him if I could bunk with him for a few days. He looks at me fur a minit an' then says his bed wuz single but if i cared to sleep alone he guesst he could fix me a place in the spare room so I says that wuz alright with me if it wuzn't too much trouble fur him and that I'd pay him fur it. He says it'd cost me four dollars fer a day. That seemed purty steep but I guesst

everything is in New York. Well, he calls one of them outlaws an' tells him to tak me to my room an' gives him a key. I guess they have to lock everything up here on account of so many burglars. He grabs mi suitcase and i let him have it fur I s'posed if he wuz a friend of my friend he wuz all rite but I follows him purty close. He takes me over an steps into a little room an' gosh, afore I knowed I wuz in there, we wuz a-hittin' her skyward like a shot. I wuz so plyumb scairt I didn't know what to do fer I thot we sure wuz goin' through the roof an if it hadn't a been fur my chin my stomach wood a been goin' up yet which would have been powerful unlucky fer me. He finally man-ages to stop it tho an' he opens the door an steps out with me follerin close. I asked him what he called that thing an' he said it wuz an alligator. Well he takes me to a room an' opens the door an' walks in an' sets my suitcase down an' then he starts to runnin' around fixin' things up an' purty soon he cums back an' holds out his paw. I grab it an shakes an' tells him I wuz awful glad I met him an' thanked him fur showin' me my room, fur I know I never would have found it myself. Gosh, tho, he got madder 'n ever an' beats it out the door. I don't know what I did to make him act that way. As soon as he left I fixed up a little an started fer some grub. I didn't see nuthin of that fellow an' his little shebang so I starts to walk down, but when I got down one riffle of them steps I seen that little room an' some people gettin' in so I walks over an asks if they'll give me a drop to the bottom. They said it wuz all right with them so I rode down. I wuzn't quite so scairt goin' down fer I had company. Well, I'm writin this afore goin' to bed an i'm sleepy so I guess I'll say goodbye.

Yours till the cows come home,

Ed.

P. H., '20.

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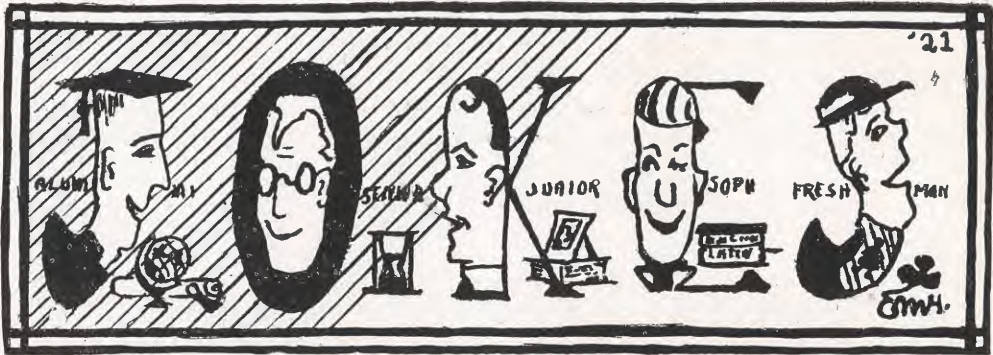
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What Would Happen?

Hard on a Junior Girl.

If Ralph Stowel did not see Esther R. every day?

If the drinking fountains were taken out?

If Otillee Briggs would pick a tall fellow?

If Glenn K. would have a date?

If Mildred S. would not use her eyes second period, study hall?

If Mary K. would give up chewing gum?

If Tubby E. would get thin?

If Christine McK. would forget to say, "Oh, baby"?

If Miss Allen would stop teaching Latin?

If Mr. Moniger had a "squeaky" voice?

If the Senior Class would not fight at its meetings?

If Piggy O'Hara, Russel Smith, Max Osbourne and Leon Kling would cultivate new laughs?

If John Hornby should smile?

We think Mr. Moniger should give a talk on hand-holding, especially to Paul H. and Mildred S. Simp says she thought "I think someone had better keep what it was Margaret Bader's hand, but knowing Simp, we are rather doubtful.

Favorite Expressions of the Faculty.

Mr. Moniger: Invariably.

Mr. Lait: Now what do you think about that?

Miss Thomas: You must get the details.

Miss Fooks: Throw up the windows.

Miss McDonald: I want the talking stopped.

Miss Allen—Ray Rossel, leave the room.

Mr. Philips: Go to your session room.

Miss Wotring: Hurry up! Get your seats! Russel (Smith), sit down!

H. K.: "Gold was discovered in San Francisco in 1849."

Mr. T. (after changing S.'s seat): "Now, Gordon, I changed your seat once and now have removed an attraction."

Gordon: "That wasn't an attraction."

Principal (to witnessing pupil): "I understand you overheard the argument between this professor and student?"

Witness: "Yes sir."

Principal: "Tell me, if you can, just what the student seemed to be doing?"

Witness: "He seemed to be doing the listening."

Mr. T.: "Was it right to send the man to the gallows who shot President Garfield?"

G. K.: "I think so; it would teach him not to do it again."

Mr. T.: "What good came from the shooting of President Garfield?"

Small voice: "It killed him."

Prof.: "What is an ampere?"

Senior: "It is a high-class ten-cent cigar."

Miss P. (In History): "The last half-pint that I bought cost twenty-five cents, but it has gone up."

G. K. (Translating French): "He was going to pursue her."

Mr. M. (After rolling of pennies in 18): "few sense he has."

J. H. (Describing telephone transmitter): "The mouthpiece is used as a receiver."

L. B. (In American Lit.): "Hawthorne spent twelve years in studious study."

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Wanted to Know:

Why George Warney doesn't visit East Main Street anymore?

What attraction Central Avenue has for Max Osbourne?

If Louise Coen will take Theda Bara's "shades"?

If Louise Caen will take Theda Bara's place in the movies?

If georgette waits will ever lose their charm for High School girls?

HUMOR OF '81.

The following is extracted from a Newark High School journal, published in 1881. It was written and decorated by hand. It contained some rare bits of humor, a few of which we are publishing:

Humor of the Time.

A selfish friend is like the letter "p," because he is the first in pity and the last in help.

Some Famous Limericks.

In Huron, a hewer, Hugh Hughes,
Hewed yew trees of unusual hues.
Hugh Hughes used blue yews
To build sheds for his ewes;
So his ewes a blue-hued yew shed use.

Tom Tye tried his tie twice to tie,
But, tugging too tight tore the tie.
Tom turned to Ted Tye,
Then told Ted to try
To tie the tie Tom tried to tie.

A smart young fisher named Fischer
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure.
A fish, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in;
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

A right-handed write named Wright,
In writing "write," 'always wrote "rite"
Where he meant to write "right;"
If he'd written "right" right,
Wright would not have wrought rot
writing "rite."

Motto for grocers: Honest-tea is the best policy.

He who flings away his pills will live to die another day.

GET BUSY!!!!

If everyone will do his best
To keep our reputation,
Our High School paper will be great—
The best one in the nation.

If everyone will show his "pep,"
We surely shall do wonders;
Just search through every separate cell
And take note of your plunders.

Then when you've got it all down pat,
Why bring it right to school,
And take it to its editor,
Now, please, make this your rule.

Perhaps you say, "What shall I write?"
Why, anything you know,
And if you don't know anything
You surely must be slow.

L. W., '20.

A Character Sketch.

The mule seemed pensive, even sad,
As if by conscience pricked,
But, when they came to share his woes
He raised objections—kicked.

The cat came up to sympathize,
With mew and gentle purr,
Alas, she got within his reach
When—fiddle-strings and fur.

The dog, in pity, neared him, to
Alleviate his care,
He tried to pass around him once,
But—sausage-meat and hair.

And John, the honest farmer boy,
Who had the beast in charge,
Tried recklessly to harness him—
His funeral was large.

Oh, trifling with the causes which
His flexible legs unfurled!
And many were the quadrupeds
That sought another world.

He never did a decent thing,
He wasn't worth a ducat;
He kicked and kicked until he died,
—And then he kicked the bucket!

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THE STORMING OF TORQUILSTONE.

(As put into verse by Allan R. Dale.)

'Twas many and many a year ago,
 In England, brave and fair,
 That Robin Hood and his merry men,
 Stormed Front-de-Bouf's grim lair.

The Black Knight, England's disguised
 king,
 Did help upon that day;
 The men within to stop him sought,
 He drove them all away.

His weighty arm none could withstand,
 His mace all fell before;
 'Tis well recorded, you may read
 His fame in England's love.

Maurice de Bracy, well renowned,
 Did seek to overthrow
 The pinnacle; but the fire round,
 Kept it from those below.

The castle was won by those brave men,
 Who stormed it from the woods;
 Front-de-Boeuj, that man of might, was
 And robbed was he of goods.

Brave Ivanhoe, King Richard,
 The Lady Rowena fair;
 Are well described in "Ivanhoe,"
 You ought to read it there.

H. R., '22.

ELEGY IN THE GERMAN BONEYARD.

The cannon toll the knell of German sway,
 The whining Hun goes back to Germany.
 The Kaiser on to Holland hastes away
 And leaves old France and little Bel-
 gium free.

Now fades the Hunnish dream of blood
 and gain
 And all the world a peaceful quiet holds,
 Save where on Russia's cold and frozen
 plain
 The Stars and Stripes protects us with
 its folds.

And now from yonder barbed-wire prison
 camp
 The half-starved Allied prisoners totter
 forth
 And ever onward to the Red Cross camp
 That ever helps the world, to South, to
 North.

And why is it that all the ground is torn
 And pounded by the countless thous-
 ands' feet?
 Oh, 'twas the German army, all forlorn,
 That all "der verdamt world would soon
 up beat."

Alas, alack, their boast has all come true,
 To challenge it, the Allies acted rash
 For as an army they surely are by far
 The champions in a "back to Berlin"
 dash.

HELLO, STATES!

To the Tune of "Good-bye, Broadway,
 Hello, France."

Good-bye trenches, Hello, States,
 We're coming back to stay.
 Goodbye whizbangs, Huns, and cooties,
 We don't like your way.
 Bully beef, were full of you,
 We want no more hard tack;
 So good-bye trenches, hello, States!
 Your soldier boys are coming back.
 HUGH J. SCHUCK,
 Sergt., Co. C, 4th Engrs.

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Especially your Class Picture should be
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Saves you worry and
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Unanimous in their
Decision in our favor

In regards to

Our Efficiency and Ability.

Over here—Over here,
Sow the seed, sow the seed, over here.

For the spring is coming—

The spring is coming

The buds are bursting everywhere.

So prepare—get a sprayer,

Buy your seed, buy your seed,

Get a sprayer.

We'll be ready, we're getting ready

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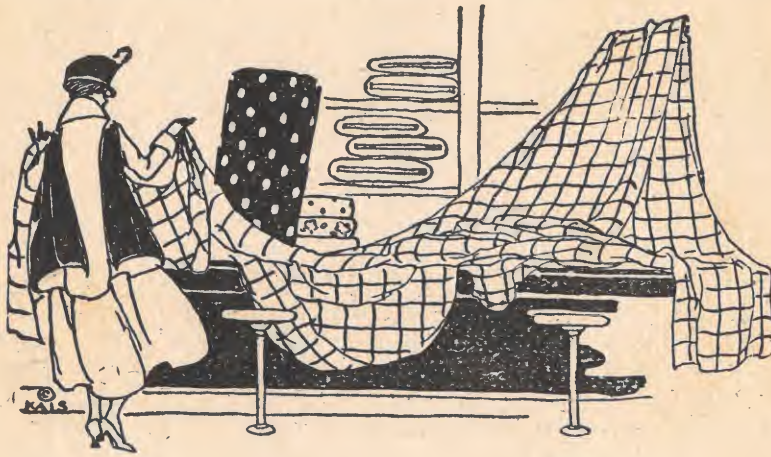
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Fashions Newest Silks

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INDESTRUCTIBLE VOILE.

Sheer as a cobweb—strong as broadcloth. Just the very silk for blouses that are different, for all day dresses and afternoon frocks. Just the very silk to combine with satin. There are the new shades in plain colors.—There are the prints—clever all-over effects—unusual checks—geometrical designs and effective ideas.

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